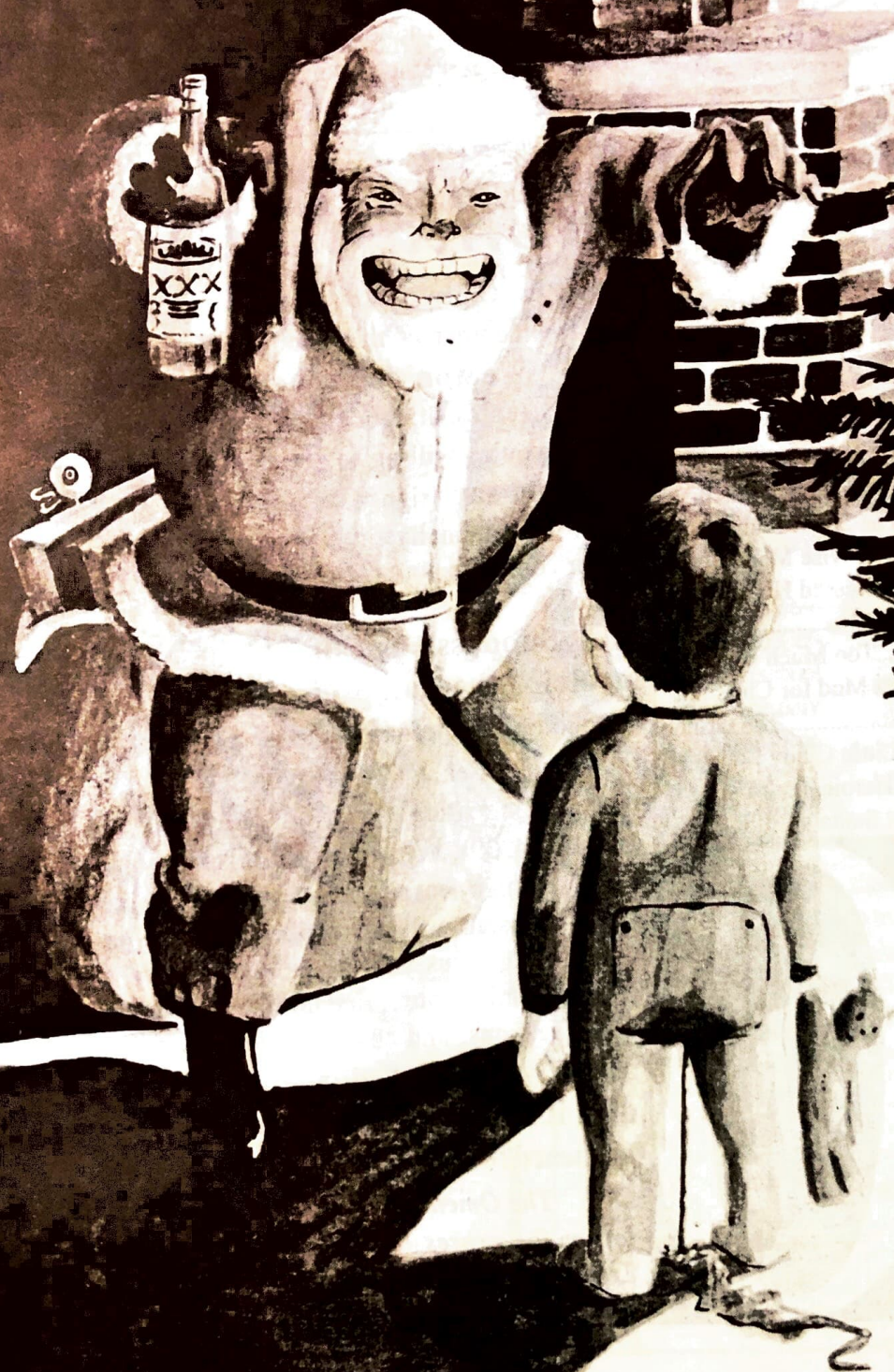


# THE OMEN



JC  
98

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## The Best Christmas Pageant Ever

Volume 11, Number 7  
December 11, 1998

### Editors and Staff

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Tyler Carey.....	Little Cindy Lou Who
Jess VanScoy.....	Herbie, the Misfit Elf
Jason Wilder.....	Santa's Little Helper

### Contributors

Gus Andrews  
Alexandra Kirsch  
Jennifer Peña  
Michael Pierce

"Man, I don't think I'm as fucked up as I was—but I dunno 'cause I'm too fucked up to tell"  
—Wade Stuckwisch



## Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. We won't edit anything you write (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to be responsible for what you say (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. Submit to Michelle Beach (B-304, box 1127). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Mat Lauritsen (A-315, x4339). We prefer submissions on disk — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.

## EDITORIAL

## Hampshire lies to you

by Michelle Beach

Allowing students to go on Field Study Leave is something Hampshire College prides itself on. The school recognizes the fact that the options here are limited and encourages students to go elsewhere to pursue their interests. Studies conducted outside of Hampshire College are easily incorporated into Division II and III work.

However, in reality, it is nearly impossible to go on Field Study Leave. The schools tries to prevent students from leaving in every possible way. First of all, the process is surprisingly complex. Students must collect signatures from so many different people that they can spend days trying to get everything in order. This not only annoys the student, but also the already overworked staff person who has to sign their name on yet another form. Wouldn't it be easier to have the forms signed by just the student's contact at Hampshire while they are on leave and the advising office? The information could then be forwarded to all other relevant parties.

But I understand the need for the application process. It holds students accountable for continuing their studies while away from Hampshire. And this way, only students with serious plans will leave the school. What really bothers me about the process is the expense.

To go on Field Study Leave, students must pay Hampshire College

\$5,000. This amount does not include living expenses while away from Hampshire (which can easily be over \$500 a month) and there is often a fee for attending other academic programs. This fee, depending on the program, can often cost as much as attending Hampshire College itself for a semester.

So, with program fees for other institutions, plus Hampshire's Field Study fee, students can easily spend more money going on Field Study Leave than they would by staying at Hampshire.

Although there is some financial aid money available for students on Field Study Leave, it is allocated under the assumption that it costs less to go on leave than to stay at Hampshire College. As I have already said, this is not always the case.

I do not understand the need for the \$5,000 fee to Hampshire College. The student is on leave, no school resources are being used up. The only things that could possibly occur are some paperwork which needs to be processed and a few meetings with their adviser. But \$5,000 worth? I really don't think so.

I tried to go on Field Study Leave this fall. I was supposed to attend the Washington Semester Program

at American University. But my plans fell through. Why? The reasons were partially academic and mostly financial. The program I was accepted into charged a fair amount of tuition. When their fees and Hampshire's fees were combined, and the little amount of financial aid I did receive from both institutions was subtracted, I still did not have enough money. If I didn't have to pay Hampshire, it might have worked.

Not one to give up easily, I tried for the same program again in the spring. I met a Hampshire alum their who teaches for the Washington Semester Program. He was able to get American University to give me more money. However, he had no luck in his tries with Hampshire. The \$5,000 was non-negotiable.

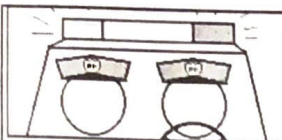
So instead of attending a program that would have been very beneficial to my studies at Hampshire and provided experiences that I could not have obtained elsewhere, I could not all because of a \$5,000 fee.

As a side note, the program at American University offers colleges to become members, which basically provides a more fair exchange of financial aid for students and I am sure that there are similar "member" programs available at other institutions. Hampshire should look into this if the college wants to truly live up to its promises of making field study a process open to all students.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY IN SOLITARY

by Jacob Chabot





# POLICE LOG!

November 24-November 30

## Fire Alarm (Dolts Who Can't Cook)

Nov. 25, 7:35 PM: Greenwich, cooking smoke- apartment 24.

Nov. 26, 6:41 PM: Greenwich, cooking smoke- apartment 15.

## Vandalism (No Fucking Respect)

Nov. 24, 2:30 PM: Enfield, gate vandalized.

Nov. 30, 8:30 AM: Enfield, window in Women's Center

broken.

## Fire (Dolts Who REALLY Can't Cook)

Nov. 30, 5:48 PM: Greenwich, fire in oven.

## Suspicious Persons/Vehicle (Paranoid Residents)

Nov. 26, 1:40 AM: Merrill, individual talked to- all OK.

Nov. 28, 10:40 PM: Four Corners, students in road.

Nov. 30, 5:23 PM: Multi-

Sports, vehicle operator spoken to.

## Motor Vehicle Tow (Take That, Asshole)

Nov. 25, 10:55 PM: Prescott, vehicle on tow list.

Nov. 26, 9:48 PM: Enfield, vehicle on tow list.

## Traffic (Take The Damn Bus)

Nov. 24, 6:49 PM: Enfield, operator given verbal waning.



## Letter to the editor

Dear Students,  
Recently the *Forward* printed a horrendous article about me. "The Queerest of the Queer" was the most horrible thing I have ever read. While some of the article contained my words, most of it was taken out of context and everything humanizing was discarded. In fact, three-fourths of the article was thrown out so that pictures could be blown up excessively for shock value. The questions and my answers were cut up and rearranged so it would be exclusively about my sexuality which wasn't even the main body or point of the interview.

The interview was originally written by the new, incoming editor of the paper. His intentions were "to make the *Forward* more interesting by printing anecdotal biographies of students on campus." The original article was decent and enjoyable. It was about my experiences as a transfer student, services available for students with learning disabilities, and the QCA. When the editor saw it she decided to change the interview dramatically. Perhaps she thought that more people would read it if the interview was offensive, obscure, and random?

I was sold out and my sexuality was exploited. The article represented me as a know-it-all lesbian wanna-be. **It made me seem like someone I simply am not. I don't consider myself a perfect representative of the LGBT population.** In fact the only person I feel I could possibly represent well is myself and obviously I haven't even done that well lately. I never implied sexual preference is a choice and I never said I'm the "queerest of the queer." I never said I was kicked out of a boarding school for being a lesbian and I didn't say I had a boyfriend. Most of the concepts in that interview had nothing to do with what words came out of my mouth.

Ever since that article came out my phone has been ringing off the hook with people who are angry as hell at me for what they think I said in the school paper. My e-mail is full of hateful remarks and I've been harassed everywhere I go. I don't deserve any of this. Imagine for a moment that some-

*continued on the next page*

## More special interest housing

## COMMENTARY



by Paul Boyer

In a previous issue of the *Omen* (number 11, number 5), I wrote an article on Special Interest Housing, which, it would appear, has stirred some controversy. While (perhaps unlike some other writers in this particular forum) my sole intention was not to be controversial, I was aware that this is probably a touchy subject, and I did attempt to treat it as a serious issue and generally to be fair. My case was probably not helped by the layout staff's decision to put this in "Section Hate." That was their decision, not mine.

Following an informal, semi-accidental meeting I had with Linda Mollison (who, for those who aren't aware, is the Housing Coordinator), she wrote to the *Omen* (volume 11, number 6), and has accused me of giving incorrect information. There may be some slight truth to this; I may have implied in my article that special interest mods are exempt from the quorum rules. This is not true, but they are not held to the same quorum rules as other mods, which was

my point. They can use dorm dwellers to reach quorum, but still must have more than half of the spaces filled to keep the mod. This is part of the special treatment to which I objected. (I would also like to point out that if other mods were able to do this there would never be a lottery, but that, I know, is not the point.) I must admit that I was not aware of the exact procedure in which SIH mods are allotted, and therefore I deliberately chose not to address this. I only said that they are not won in the lottery, which is true. Other than the potentially misleading information concerning quorum, there are not, I believe, any factual inaccuracies in the article. Furthermore, I would like to add that my statement about a "Quality Beer Mod" was a *joke*. This was not meant to be taken seriously at all. Indeed I would be quite hypocrite if I were to write an article opposed to SIH and then to use the very same practices in an attempt to get my foot in the door.

Though in my meeting with Linda we briefly discussed why these groups warrant special attention, she declined to discuss it in the

*Omen*, which is fine. I would like to say that I understand the points she made, but I still remain largely unconvinced. It is my opinion that **life at Hampshire is about as sheltered as anywhere outside of a commune, and I really don't see a need for a sheltered environment within a sheltered environment.** We are free to our separate opinions; my article was, after all, an opinion piece (I did not intend for my opinions to sound like facts). She also told me that I should have come to her before writing the article. Perhaps she has a point. As my article was an opinion piece it did not occur to me to do so.

Before I conclude, and while I'm on the subject of housing, I'd like to address the combine and squat rules (as they exist for all mods). The fact that they are allowed to combine and squat only with other mod dwellers seems to me to reinforce the feeling that the mods are these exclusive clubs, which, once in, give you rights over the other denizens of the dorms. I realize that there is no easy solution to this (to allow combining from the dorms is clearly impractical for reasons stated above), but perhaps there is some other way. I don't know exactly what it would be, but if anyone has any ideas on this or any other housing subject (SIH would be an example), I suggest you talk to Linda Mollison, or get involved with the Housing Advisory Committee.

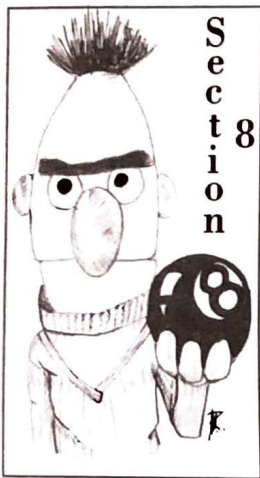
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one interviewed you about your experience as a transfer student at Hampshire. Imagine, then, if someone maliciously edited the piece and you opened up your college newspaper only to find a huge picture of you naked, sharing a tender moment with your ex and with the words "Queerest of the Queer" and your name!

My point is: ignore the article in the *Forward*. It just isn't true. The *Forward* sucks and the editor no longer works for the paper. Please don't judge me by this whole mess. Also, I would like to take this opportunity to thank my true friends who stood by me when all that horseshit was printed. You guys defended me right from the beginning and for that I love you and I thank you.

Sincerely,  
Xan Kirsch





by Bert J. Cattivera

I wake up in the morning with a distinct craving for juice. My favorite "juice" is the bloody mary. Soon I am slurping on a nutritious bloody mary and gobbling Xanax, per my morning routine. I eat breakfast, prepared by my lovely caretaker, Susan. As I glance at Susan, I am reminded of a passage from Boyle:

Her teeth were perfect, she smiled non-stop and with the serenity of the Mona Lisa, and she wore the kind of bra that was popular in the fifties—the kind that thrust the breasts out of her ski sweater like nuclear warheads.

Needless to say, I am paraphrasing.

"How about a nice tray of cocktails, dear?" I suggest. She emerges from the well-stocked liquor cabinet with a tray of various whiskeys in exquisite cut-glass wide-rimmed glasses (narrow rims make me

## HARD LICKS

### The great American short story

claustrophobic). With her typical precision she has calculated the ideal ratio of whiskey to crushed ice. I absorb three or four of the invigorating whiskeys to soothe my failed nervous system, eat another Xanax, and inform Susan that I am going out for a drive with my gorgeous mistress, Selina. Susan shoots me out the door with a contemptuous frown. If my caretaker has a flaw, it is that she is jealous of my mistress and my assorted hookers.

My name is Javier Castillo. My father is the Guatemalan ambassador to the United States. This provides me the luxury of parading around D.C. in my shiny Lincoln Town Car with diplomatic plates, indulging in cocaine and expensive whores. I am the living embodiment of the American Dream. I enjoy drinking and driving, and I do so with impunity. It's like a video game.

Because of my father's influential position, I have had the opportunity to meet many renowned dignitaries. My ever-expanding list of "People I Have Smoked Crack With" includes Washington Mayor Marion Barry and various members of Pantera, who performed at my last birthday party. It was an elegant affair, made all the more memorable by Dimebag Darrell's constant vomiting.

All of which does little to explain why my girlfriend,

Lynn, is addicted to arsenic.

It has caused a strain in our relationship. I can picture her now, as she is undoubtedly poking a vein with her blue syringe and injecting a once-lethal quantity of her beloved arsenic before lighting a Winston. The medical community is baffled by her bizarre habit. She likes to cheat death.

I met her in the park one day. I had just been bitten in the jugular vein by a mosquito. That was one malevolent insect, but the blood loss made me euphoric. **She couldn't help but notice my bleeding and nursed me back to health. She was entranced by my odd near-death experience.**

I am feeling rather sleepy after feasting and swilling wine at a Cuban restaurant in Maryland. You really shouldn't eat and drive. Makes you tired. The video game progresses to the next treacherous level.

Selina and I zoom through the streets of D.C. in my impervious Lincoln, flaunting our immunity from American laws and our shocking lack of morals. We make a brief pit stop to obtain a bottle of cognac which we pass back and forth, taking hard licks in the car.

Suddenly I swerve to avoid colliding with an unfortunate vehicle which has ventured dangerously into my lane. My indestructible Lincoln nevertheless smashes into the next oncoming car, causing much noise, confusion, and spilled cognac.

I really don't know what happened next, but it's several days later. **I creep from whiskey bar to whiskey bar as the tabloids print their sensationalized accounts of how I killed those two morons in the accident.** Naturally, I have exercised my diplomatic immunity regarding the smash-up. American officials are considering deporting me to Guatemala. Although my father is trying to use his clout to try to protect me, Guatemala wishes to extradite me for murder.

I don't know how I feel about the accident. It was a moment's indiscretion. I realize that my entire life can be encapsulated in the phrase "a moment's indiscretion." I have led a life of privilege and have never had to experience personal responsibility. But the guilt gnaws at me like a diseased rodent as I inhabit whiskey bar after whiskey bar.

I request a pen from the

barkeep and scribble some ill-conceived poetry on a cocktail napkin:

Humanity is drunk  
at the Watering Trough,  
staggering through some civil war  
graveyard  
filled with empty  
forty-ounce bottles of sauce  
stacked like a memorial  
to legions of dead soldiers.  
Limping like a  
wounded monkey  
through all the overdone  
Alcoholic Imagery.

I retrieve another napkin and begin to outline an elaborate plan to escape extradition to Guatemala or prosecution in America. With the help of my mistress, who is scheduled for release from the hospital tomorrow, I will fake my own death after signing over all my possessions, including lucrative investment holdings, to Selina in my will. We will live like kingpins in obscurity somewhere in Argentina.

I know some people say it has become cliché to fake your own death, but I do this out of necessity, not merely as an overused publicity stunt. I need to formulate a plan for how my alleged death will be staged. Johnny Rotten faked his own death once under the supervision of Malcolm McClaren. If it worked for Mr. Rotten, who, then, can say that it will not

prove effective form me? You can really learn a lot about someone by their preferred method of suicide (i.e. self-decapitation, whiskey, etc.). I'm not sure what this tells us about someone who fakes his own death.

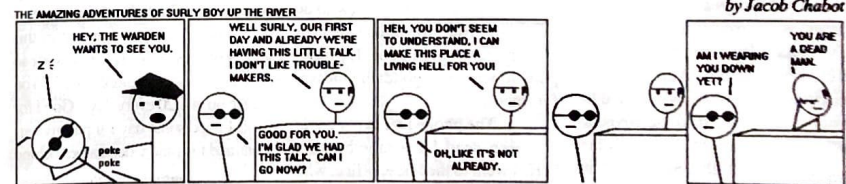
I call Selina telephonically at the hospital to notify her of our scheme. She panics. She's heard of my previous stratagems, and figures I must be planning to "off myself" in some theatrical and hilarious fashion.

"No, no. It's not like that this time, my dear woman. I want to do it so we can escape, and I need your help, cherub."

She doesn't understand. "It's considerate of you to sign over your fortune to me because you're dying, but I don't want any part in your death."

By the time I pick her up at the hospital, I have her convinced. Tomorrow we will burn the Ambassador's residence to rubble, in an inferno in which all remains would have been unrecognizable. However, no one will be in the house at the time. Selina and I will be aboard an Argentine luxury liner. I have given my lawyer a copy of the will, and instructions on how to contact us. He won't be able to reveal our whereabouts or even whether I am alive, due to attorney-client privilege.

The American Dream will be resurrected.





SECTION

HATE!

by Jacob Chabot

Three years. That's how long it has taken me to come to a conclusion. This conclusion is, (drum roll please)... I hate the hell out of Hampshire College. It's kind of like a piece of gum that you've been chewing on for several hours. It's lost all of its flavor and is starting to taste bad and get stiff. **I should have seen it coming when I was a bitter older student by my second semester.** But I was young and optimistic in those days. "Things will get better by next semester," I always thought to myself. I'm still waiting.

I hate the fact that Hampshire has this utter inability to actually DO anything. I always have to fight to get my goddamn evaluations! I mean, this is a given, they're your frickin' grades for fuck's sake! You just don't not give a student who completed a course their evaluation. It's like not paying somebody for a job. In one case, it's gotten out of hand. Two years ago, two goddamn years, the end of my first semester, I completed the SS course Race, Ethnicity, and Nationalism (now, THERE'S a Hampshire class for you!). Next semester, I still hadn't received an evaluation. I start to get a little worried and talk to the professor. He assures me not to worry, I did great in the class and he will write an evaluation post haste. I see him a few more times and remind him in person. It progressed to leaving messages on his door and E-mail. I have talked to the advising office, who assure me that "they are aware of the fact" that he owes me an

eval. I'm still waiting. I need this eval for a two-course option so I can pass my Div 2 on time. How long is it going to take them to get their shit together! This isn't professional!

You may remember the EPEC class on comic books I taught for a while. The reason that's not happening again is because EPEC didn't reimburse me for the couple hundred dollars that I spent on the course. I realize that EPEC had gone through some reorganization, but they could have at least let me know after the first semester that they would have some trouble paying me back! But no, I had to continuously pester them before I found out what the hell was going on. By that time, they told me that they could only partially pay me back!

I hate the fact that nothing works around here. I'm sure you are all aware about our cable situation with it being limited until it gets fixed for Enfield (and for those of you who are saying, "Oh, stop your whining. It's only that devil TV, anyway. Don't be so petty," SHUT UP! I'll deal with YOU in a minute!). The thing that pisses me off the most is that it happened out of the blue without any warning.

My heater was broken for a month! I went to the house office and my SAM who (supposedly) put up work orders. It finally got fixed because I knew some people who knew people in Phys Plant (who do things for you little shits that your own moms wouldn't do! Try mopping up your own goddamn messes for once!).

The phone line in my room has been dead for a month and a half. I went to the house office, who

## Jacob is very bitter

sent me to the switchboard, who sent me to ACC. I don't have an account with them, I just want my phone so I can receive calls and call on campus. They couldn't give me a straight answer and said they'd call me back. Ha ha. I hope AT&T buys you fuckers out.

I hate the academics here. I hate the fact that I'm on my fifth advisor in five semesters. I hate the fact that I went through half a dozen other professors to be on my committee and/or adviser and they all claimed they were too busy or that they didn't know enough about computer graphics and animation. I hate that all my classes next semester will be at UMASS, which is a nice enough school but **I AM enrolled here at Hampshire.**

**I can't find any goddamn classes here!**

Not even basic classes like art history! Which I need to finish my Div 2! I hate that Hampshire has trapped me here due to the fact that if I transferred I would have to start over from scratch. I feel like I'm getting nowhere in a jiffy, and quite frankly, it's depressing.

Last of all, I hate you. All of you little Hampshire students with your nose rings and your smoking and your bisexuality and your vegetarianism and each goddamned one of you screaming at the top of your lungs, "Oh, I'm a freak! An outcast! So different from everybody else! Wherever can I fit in this society of ours?!" You all think your so cool and trendy, because what? You smoke up at 4:20 every day? Good for you! I hope some day I'll put my cartoons and toys and video games behind

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## Dave's self-evaluation

Name: Dave Killen  
Class: Post-Modern Studies of Physics and Feminism  
Professor: Michael Lesy  
Semester: Fall 1998

To be honest, I really think that my first project in this class was my best. It was the one I put the most effort into, and in spite of the after-effects I feel that it was the most productive. After all, the grass will grow back in time and I've learned to deal quite well with only 8 fingers. Although the rest of the group may still harbor some animosity towards me, I think in time they will come to appreciate my contribution, as you have, and eventually drop the lawsuits. I can say with absolute certainty that I met all of the goals I set for myself in this case. It was a good way to start off the year that, unfortunately, did not end up being a sign of things to come.

The second project of the year I ended up doing alone, while the rest of the class again worked in groups, a condition that was brought on by forces beyond my control. While I would like to accept 100% of the blame for the end result, I feel that the students who were not in my group must be held partially, if not fully, accountable, as it is doubtless that the "situation" was caused mainly


by the lack of assistance I had in carrying out the experiment. I feel it is unreasonable to expect anyone, let alone a young man with only 8 fingers, to operate a rusted-out station wagon in speeds in excess of 80 mph (at night) while at the same time holding a 600 watt light out the driver's window and making on-the-fly calculations on a laptop computer. You did bring up the point that the experiment was entirely my idea, and this I cannot argue, but the fact remains that the school and the class completely ignored my obvious need of the help I was too proud to ask for. When all these factors are taken into account, I think the project must be deemed at least a partial success, if not also an insurance liability issue.

Finally, I of course must address my final project. While it is true that at the time of its conception I had already been officially removed from the class list, I have never been one to give up easily. I might add that your refusal to allow me to attend class only contributed to the many difficulties I would face before the project would be judged complete. The nature of the project itself needs no explanation here; you have undoubtedly had

## SHAKEN, not STIRRED

plenty of time to ruminate over it during your extended stay at Cooley Dick (good luck in surgery, by the way). This being a self-evaluation, I guess all I should really say here is that I, myself, evaluate myself as doing a pretty good job, overall. Again, the results must be judged relatively; if a man attempts to drive an '82 Skylark from Los Angeles to Boston and only makes it to Chicago, the fact remains that the man drove an '82 Skylark from LA to Chicago. In my own case I cannot help but give myself even a bit more credit - to stick with the analogy, I'd say I made it all the way to Pittsburgh.

Regardless of the opinions of others, I did learn a lot in this class, even during the second half of it, when I was not allowed to attend (a poor decision in my mind, I must reiterate). I think that I made significant progress towards completing that crown jewel of a Hampshire education, the NS Division 1. I hope that all is forgiven and, the next time I take one of your classes, you will look forward to working with me again as much as I do you.

  
Dave Killen

*continued from the previous page*

me so I can smoke a bowl a day and go to parties to get liquored up while listening to crap-ass dance beats. Then I'll be cool just like you. You and your fucking artistic visions, and your bitching about Saga (I don't know what kind of steak tar-tar you were brought up on, but this is better than spending one hour or so preparing your own gourmet meals or heated TV dinners.) And it seems that anything will get you suckers up in arms. All it has to do is involve something like women or AIDS or unions or SOMETHING society threatening like that and you guys just stamp your little feet.

Any guy with a funny foreign sounding name could come here, representing one of these causes, give a little talk and you're all up and giving him all your money and shit. Meanwhile, you are the most irresponsible people I've ever seen. Public property is continuously being trashed. Private property is continuously being stolen. You rat-bastards can't even create a better atmosphere for yourselves to live in.

I hate Hampshire College and I am stuck here. It's like some living hell of a Twilight Zone. Damn you...damn you all to hell.

# Semester in hateful review

by Gus Andrews

Good God, where have I been all semester?! Is it really almost Winter Break already? Was I dead? Fuck! You fall asleep for a minute...

Ohhhh so many things have passed without a good bitching out. I will list them! I like to make lists. It's a result of some kind of cave-Gus craving for the days when Saturday meant going to the store with Mom and dangling my legs in the way of those wicked little shopping cart wheels until the cart tipped over and the box of E-Z-Make Grits busted open in my hair. But I digress (and lie, for that matter.) Here:

- The late appearance of the school directory (sans student phone numbers) sucks. I like Janice and the other switchboard folks. I wish I didn't have to pester them every time I need call a professor. **Hey Student Affairs—want to foster community and communication at Hampshire? GIVE US OUR FRIENDS' PHONE NUMBERS!**

- The lack of dishwashers in the mods. None of you know what I'm talking about, because nobody in the mods reads the *Omen*. But for crying out loud, the single thing which could end mod strife is *dishwashers*.

More mod-dwellers kill each other, and call in House Office referees for no-holds-barred grudge matches over problems with unwashed dishes than anything else. When I'm a rich alum, I'm going to buy every mod a dishwasher. The attrition rate will

plummet.

- Dr. Bob. Contrary to popular belief, I am not the Ad-Hoc Committee for yadda rah rah whatever it was. But I did tack the memo to Bob's door, then went around campus chanting "Dr. Bob has got to go!" like some sorry Bread and Puppet leftover. I was feeling suicidal that day. I needed a kamikaze mission.

I sorta regret it. There go my plans to apply for a job in the (more-overturned-than-compost) Student Affairs office and thereby keep a firm grip on the life-giving teat of Mama Academia.

But I still basically stand by what I was yelling that day. Bob's got to go. For God's sake, he held office hours on the basketball court at a college where a minority of students are involved in sports! Disrespect, anyone?

Bob has created programs we didn't ask for (Green Core, the UMass grad advisor program) which don't work well. He could have figured out what students were doing on their own (environmental clubs already *existed* when he started Green Core) and supported those programs instead.

And—mind you, this is hearsay—I'm told that once when a student approached him with a problem, he made reassuring noises, *pretended* to dial another office to deal with the problem, and had a conversation with *an audible dial tone* for a few minutes before telling the student that everything would be fine. Is this guy not the original Bad Biznissman? Bad Biznis! You tell me.

- In addition, I'd say there's some other Bad Biznis going down in Student Affairs. Two

years ago the administration fired two women who worked in Student Affairs over the summer. (Watch out for summers—that's when they do the stuff they don't have the balls to do when we're around to yell about it.) The administration claimed they didn't have the money to keep both women on.

Yet nowadays Student Affairs is bigger than ever. I think this confirms the suspicions of those of us who were around at the time: Bernice and Kuji were fired because they were outspoken, and because they had enough seniority that hiring someone new would cost less.

- The Omen. I honestly think the Omen is doing better, or I wouldn't be here now. It's developing a consistent tone; it's been amusing, mostly; and it doesn't have the handicap of Jordan Strauss trying to make it into *Newsweek*.

The problem is that if you print predominantly sexist, hateful content, you will be a hateful sexist backlash paper. People who don't agree will feel uncomfortable contributing. Even if you say you're an open forum for community use, you will be, *de facto*, a one-sided opinion paper.

Well, the truth is the *Omen* was started as an alternative to publicly accepted views at Hampshire, and still is... I guess I'll get used to it.

- Mat Lauritsen. Big words. Stop it. Now.

- Same goes for Brendan Tamilio. Those Kaplan SAT vocabulary books are choking hazards.

Bren got the definition of the "Super Sixty" wrong too—for

crying out loud, I *invented* the term, I should know. What I meant was that about sixty students (the number is an understatement for the sake of making people mad) do all the organizing around here. It's not that they're inherently better. They just *do* more.

It's the difference between Nietzsche's Superman being superior to everyone else, and DC's Superman being able to bend iron bars. If you spend more than 20 hours a week on some community project in addition to academics and work study without dropping from exhaustion, you're probably one of the Super Sixty.

- Academia in general. I'd like to complain about how little sense the new Div I plans make, but with what I'm learning for my Div III I can't.

In reorganizing the curriculum, we're teaching incoming students something everyone should realize at some point even if it is frightening: division of knowledge has traditionally been political and arbitrary, and has little to do with the content of ideas. I just wish the faculty would acknowledge that Div I is being rearranged hastily to pacify the

NEASC.

OK, enough hate. I know something good must have happened this semester...

Ah. I remember one time I was taking the *Forward* to press... Actually, I was returning from taking the *Forward* to press for the last time. It felt good. Never again would my arms get grimy to the elbows delivering 1,700 copies of an issue which the layout editor had graced with an all black cover. Never would I be caught unawares by typos in headlines. I could avoid all that mule pucky entirely.

It was early fall. In the decrepit Hampshire van the sun off the dashboard made the air stuffy. Jen was with me. She was leaving town soon; we both knew it, and were quiet.

We had an insane couple of months. Friends had introduced us in August. Back then she was going to be editor of the *Omen*, and I was still editor of the *Forward*. Neither of us thought that she'd later take my place and then lose it to a dubious junta.

Jen and I first met at the Haymarket Cafe. We hit it off like a couple of reunited old vaudevil-

ians. (She told bad puns; a hook pulled me offstage when I failed to tip the smoothie maker. No, really. Would I lie to you?)

We pulled our first stunt at the end of orientation. Actually, it was an accident—more of a web of lies told in self-protection capped off with an act of revenge. For a week we lied to Jordan Strauss about Jen and I being lovers and me transferring to the University of Guam.

Then we wrapped Jordan in a black feather boa and dragged him offstage in the middle of some mealy-mouthed speech about Community Council he was making to the assembled orientees.

**We got most of the first-years to yell "To Guam!" as we led him out of the RCC.**

It doesn't sound funny in telling, I guess. You had to be there to see how unquestioningly Jordan bought the lies ("Oh really? You're transferring because you got in a fight with David Kerr? Do you still think he'd make a good committee member?"), and how see how upset he was when something unplanned happened. Sometimes I worry I screwed up his semester. (Mostly I don't. Boy needs to be publicly embarrassed once or twice.)

Jesus, Jen and I had such plans. We were going to put a TV Nation-like show on INTRAN; set up a Hampshire expatriate investigative news website run by Hampshire drop-outs; try the Student Affairs office in a Communist-style show trial. We took a book of college pranks as a roadmap. If kids at the U. of Wisconsin could dunk the Statue of



Jen and Gus enjoy a cigar.

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by Wade Stuckwisch

**A**h, an Omen article. Just the thing for avoiding end-of-semester work...

Last *Omen* I took an issue off from reviewing movies so I could write that We Can't Have Nice Things rant, but now that I've got that out of my system I can get back to reviewing movies. My movie review for this issue will be on the new Todd Solontz film, *Happiness*. You remember Todd Solontz, he's the guy who made that incredibly depressing movie that describes everyone at Hampshire's junior high experience, *Welcome to the Dollhouse*. Remember how disturbing and depressing that movie was? Well, *Happiness* is easily twelve times as disturbing and depressing. Watching it, I alternated between wanting to kill myself, kill the characters in the movie, and kill everyone. Luckily there is a happy little song about happiness performed by Michael Stipe and Rain Phoenix over the ending credits, and by singing it quietly for about twenty minutes immediately following the film I was able to resist the urge to do bodily harm to anyone. I'd say any movie that can produce a reaction like that has to be worth seeing. So, in the in-

## Happiness is a warm Guinness

terest of maintaining the integrity of this shallow sham that we call our lives, I'm going to devote the

rest of this article talking about happy things so that you too can see this movie safely.

One of the few things that makes me happy in this world is beer, and of course the king of beers is Guinness. In this country the most prevalent form of Guinness is Guinness Draught, which comes in packs of four, approximately 6 1/2 inch tall cans. At any given moment I usually have the remains of at least one of these bundles of joy lined up on the floor in my room, waiting to be carted back to R & P and traded in towards the purchase of another. Yes, a four-pack of Guinness usually costs about the price of a six-pack of some domestic beer, but the lesser volume of alcohol is almost always worth the price. When one opens a Guinness Draught can and pours its contents into a pint glass, the most wonderful, beautiful thing in the whole world happens. A

Guinness does not nearly form a head on top when you pour it. Instead, the whole mixture starts out frothy, then the foam slowly begins to cascade out, from the bottom up. This is all due to the famous Guinness Widget, as noted on the side of the can. The Widget is a little plastic thing on the bottom of the can, and it can be clearly examined if you cut the bottom of the can off with a pocket knife or a pair of scissors. **In all my life I have never seen a more beautiful display of nature's wonders as the cascades in a cold glass of Guinness.** I would like to note that I was born and raised right next to Niagara Falls, a so-called natural wonder of the world.

I have been informed that Guinness has a much higher alcohol content in Europe, and I plan to make a pilgrimage to England at some point in my life to see if

*continued on the next page*



## Happiness is hate mail

*continued from the previous page*

this is true, and also in order to buy Newcastle cheap. If you are ever in Niagara Falls, Canada, you can buy pints of Guinness at the International Beer House, a bar only a few blocks away from Casino Niagara. You can also buy several other beverages not available in the United States, including Molson XXX, a 7.2% alcohol version of Molson, and Mike's Hard Lemonade, a dubiously tasty 6.4% alcohol pre-bottled vodka and lemonade drink. A friend of mine who will remain nameless almost always has too many of these and winds up vomiting once we get back over the border to New York. Any of you who have ever lived within driving distance of the Canadian border probably have fuzzy memories of similar events from the time when you were at the tender age of 19 or 20. If not, and if you are 19 or 20 now, I suggest that you at some point visit our neighbors to the north and take in the sights.

If you do this, please do not drink any American beer. I have also been informed that a certain American beer claims to be "The King Of Beers." This manufacturer is lying and should be prosecuted, and **possibly bombed by the Irish, who happen to be very handy with bombs.**

So, when you go see the movie *Happiness* (if you get the chance), keep such things in the back of your mind so that you can go on living the lie that is your life once you get out of the theater. Also keep in the back of your mind that the father in the movie never tells anything but the truth to his young son. How cool is that?

One last thing. I would just like the person/people who sent me anonymous hate mail to know that a) I know who you are, and b) I'm ignoring you. Keep those letters coming!

## Happiness is not Hampshire without Jen

*continued from page 11*

Liberty in a lake near their college, what couldn't Hampshire pull off?

Somehow nothing ever worked. I started getting depressed over Div II and barely made it out of bed in the morning. And Jen was never enrolled. After some scheming social climber rattled on her to Student Affairs, Jen was constantly walking on eggshells. Someone started sending her threatening letters.

Undeterred (hey, the letters were badly written), Jen kept working to make Hampshire more bearable—putting in long hours to keep the Cafe open, tallying Logo surveys, doing work a slacker Community Council member got paid to do—while trying to keep from attracting the notice of people who thought that kind of work

should only be done by enrolled students.

No enrolled students stepped forward though. It's funny. Jen cared enough about this place to stick around and do work nobody else wanted to do, even though it was going to get her in trouble. Still Hampshire didn't give a fuck.

Coming back from Holyoke, I turned off the road at the Nash Dinosaur Tracks sign. Jen gave me a bug-eyed WHATHAFUCK?! look as the road got bumpy and narrowed to the width of the van.

We pulled into the clear by a little cement block of a building. This was it—decaying dinosaur statues were strewn around a random old car chassis. We peered into the "museum" where there were semiprecious gems for sale,

and figurines. An old woman came out and gave us a brochure.

We would have had to pay to get in. I had no cash, and I wasn't about to shell out for the kind of pseudoscience. You can't even see cement casts of fake dinosaur footprints without paying nowadays, much less get a good education. Shit sucks, yo.

Still, the detour lightened the mood; it was one last giddy diversion. Even if Jen didn't end up wearing nothing but the Soviet flag on her last day in town, we had that last flicker of spontaneity.

You want me to stop yelling about Hampshire? For the love of all things sweet holy and relating to disco, let Jen Howk come back. This place is exciting as fossilized stegosaurus poop without her.



by Mathew Lauritsen

## The chagrin of the cosmos

**H**ark to the Prophet when he says "Ho, Ho, Ho," because when he bellows like that there are the divine prophecies of men spilling out of his wisdom and into the cacophonous side streets of our daily lives. He with round belly and rotund virtue sounds a gleaming bell that resonates with all the force of the Son himself, a simple message pertaining to the plastics and alloys granted on the Day in December, strangling life out of what dark secrets lie within the hearts of men.

And thou shall in most sincere courtesy and with utmost taste choose your evergreen mantletree of the decadent season, loving that which binds you to the ancient word, and learn the Angel's reasons for sending the vain meteor showers upon us with the streaking splendor of a thousand tons of rock and ice. For when that dancing crimson-clad saint shivers himself across this pacific planet, and with smiles distributes all the sweets and dreams of our children under the kingdom of our own blue sky heaven, he will see and be delighted by the Grandeur of Nature, within the cozy warm domiciles of people held in holy stasis, the annual freeze. No evil shall be present in our nine spheres, the fallen among us held, as are God's virgins, in perfect rapture of the equality of things.

And hold to the celebration of no birth other than your own, for faith is only as useful as a fable, and the human condition is such that all among us are kings, all suited to elegant strings of popped corn and cranberries, cakes of fruit and other reserved tributes to Epicurus. **And speak not the word Hubris, for it is the curse of men to believe that they are slaves beneath any unproven force of universal pervasion.**

This coming Eve, set out your milk and sweetbreads for the fabled Saint of giving, knowing well that your own hand will later partake these offerings and, when enjoying these symbolic oblations, think hard upon the jealousy of fallen angels, for "all is not lost: the unconquerable will... and courage never to submit or yield... can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."



By Michael "Benni" Pierce

**Editor's Note:** Written in response to "We can't have nice things" Printed in Volume 11, Issue 6 of The Omen

**D**uring the Holiday season, it seems that people get awfully thankful for a lot of things. Comments like "I'm thankful for meat" and "I'm thankful for possible action figures" filter throughout the American public. Everyone is thankful for something. Maybe it's a gene that we're born with that causes such a phenomena. Maybe it's just the true nature of people coming out for one month a year. Maybe it's a form of seasonal depression.

Of course, I am included in this thankful group. "I am not a crook" and "I cannot tell a lie." In fact, I am thankful for one thing in particular. It involves a person I used to know. He was 13 at the time.

This person was a geek, a freak, a fruitcake, and a glasshouse waiting to be shattered all in one. He was overweight, wore thick-framed glasses, boasted about the magical powers possessed by his mighty spikey hair, and carried a two-ton piece of airline luggage with him around school to carry his books. He had a terrible time with speaking to girls and constantly wore sweatpants to distract people from his pimply face.

One day, this person entered his fourth-period class and set his things down by his desk. He looked around shyly. There was a special bathroom in the back of his science classroom. Seeing no one was heading for it, he did.

When he reached for the door handle, this person found it locked. He wiggled it, panically looked up, and then tried it again. It was definitely locked.

"Does anybody know who's in the bathroom?" he called out to the classroom.

"It's probably Kevin," called out one of the students, "I think he locked himself in there for fun." Realizing that Kevin may be playing a game that was keeping him from his drink, this person began to violently shake the door handle. In a few moments, the lock gave and the door swung open. However, it was not Kevin who was in the bathroom. No—it was Samantha—the class chick. She was there, sitting on the toilet, pants at her ankles, leaning over, trying to maintain some of her privacy.

"Do you mind—I'm, like, trying to use the bathroom here!" she squealed. Flustered beyond all belief, the person slammed the door, and turned to face the classroom. They were laughing at him. They were all laughing at him. Why were they laughing? Kevin could have been in the bathroom.

"You idiot! Kevin couldn't have been in there—

## The potty glancer

he's absent today!" And the class burst into even more laughter. Already feeling awful enough from playing soccer in gym class, this person peeled his glasses off of his face and muttered, "My eyes...my eyes."

Note: It is evident to almost every human being that after accidentally walking in on the most beautiful girl in your class that you do not, afterward, remove your magnification piece, rub your eyes, and mutter, "My eyes...my eyes." **You might have well just said, "Damn—what an ugly mo-fo."**

The class, upon hearing this person's response, not only continued to laugh, but began to ask embarrassing questions. This person was now trapped in his own true nightmare. Drinkless, shameful, and porky, he returned to his seat and sat down. The teacher regained some control, but the damage had already been done.

Throughout high school, this same person was asked about this incident. Questions such as "What did you see?" and "Did you really go blind in one eye?" were frequently asked. But this person forged on, ignoring the questions when he could. He possessed information everyone wanted. It was his secret—and no one would ever know.

Of course, time can wear a man down. And in twelfth grade, while this person was giving his Salutatorian speech to his high school class, somebody in the small, yet humble, crowd shouted out after he had finished, "So—what did you see in the bathroom, you little pervert?" Silence. And then, SNAP.

"Do you all want to know what I saw that day back in seventh grade? Have you waited these five long years to hear my answer?" Silence. "Fine! She was there, peeing up a storm when I clumsily pushed my way in to find her completely naked, pleasuring herself, with Kevin—who had supposedly been absent that day! Is that what you wanted to know? The secret is out! GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

This incident caused an uproar never before seen in this person's hometown. He was immediately ushered away from the microphone, sat down, and held there by the police until the end of the ceremony. He had unearthed Samantha and Kevin's dark secret, and now, he would pay for it—not them. Why does the world seem to always punish the weak and unfortunate?

As the reader, you are now wondering why this story makes me thankful. Well, to make a long statement short, I am thankful to no longer be the person in this story.



# The sweetest mod

by Jason Wilder;  
With assistance from Julia Benedict,  
Brendan Colloran, Benni Pierce, and  
Josh Snyder

Down with Olestra! Down with Saccharine! Down with NutraSweet! Long live sugar: the sweetness and the power!

Hampshire College stakes its reputation on being respected as a truly experimental institution. Thus, it must continually abandon conservative attitudes by veering away from traditions. The challenge is to find new ways to overcome old obstacles, so that we can achieve high ideals. One particularly difficult obstacle has been trying to establish a sense of community on campus. A community center has been among the favorite solutions, but this seems slightly outside the realm of immediate possibility.

So, what can students do to increase the feeling of brotherhood and community here at Hampshire? Sometimes, the best answer to a problem isn't the newest answer; sometimes, the best one has been unwisely rejected. The one that I'm talking about is the same that gives unity and culture to most other major colleges.

I'm talking about sororities and fraternities.

Now, don't reject this too quickly! As with everything else, when adopting this idea, Hampshire must put its mark upon it. **We certainly can't go around making asses of ourselves like a bunch of UMASS hooligans.**

For one, we don't need frat houses, because we have mods. And since we need to maintain our co-ed status, we can't call our groups fraternities or sororities. We'd have to

call them something lame, like "soetarities."

Having determined the necessity for immediate action, we took the leading step by organizing Hampshire's first soetarity. "Soets" (as they'd probably be obnoxiously nicknamed) don't name themselves using the Greek alphabet. Instead, in true Hampshire style, and in order to afford greater creativity, soets are named like rock bands. Perfect examples would be, "Faking the Picturesque," "Inebriated Fly," "Three Pimps & A Virgin," "2MAD 2NO," or "Down Palace." We cannot tell you the name of our soet, because we're still arguing about it. Wilder's campaigning hard for "Squeeze the Melon."

Now, frats and sororities traditionally revolve around the steady consumption of stupidly large amounts of alcohol and narcotics. Because Hampshire already does its share of that, we've opted for a more socially acceptable drug. The drug of choice is good old sugar, and we mean sugar. Thus, instead of our members passing out in a pool of their own vomit, they become hyperactive, and develop severe heart disorders. They also run the risk of losing all their teeth, if they fail to brush sufficiently. However, soets will actively support dental hygiene, through ceremonial brushing and flossing.

But, more than anything else, soets will consume mass quantities of sugar. Sugar, sugar, sugar. Sugar in every shape, size, and color. We'll have enormous "keggers," where we'll bust open 20lb bags of sugar. Hazing will involve Cool Aid and Pixie Stix. This will give us enormous amounts of energy, which we'll expend by performing useful services for the greater Hampshire community. For example, we'll bust into slow, dying parties, and we'll rile them up with our insane energy.

**"WHAT ARE YOU PEOPLE DOING IN HERE? YOU COULD BE OUTSIDE RIOTING! LET'S GO FLIP SOME CARS!!!"**

In fact, once we find out our mod's telephone extension, we'll advertise this service, for use at any lagging party. And when we show up, we'll bring sweet munchies for the hungry and red-eyed.

Of course, every group needs its mascot, and we're not lacking in this category. We have Tiberius ("Tibby"), a caterpillar eating a candy bar. We feel strongly about the symbolism of the caterpillar, as it will undergo an inspiring transformation while in its cocoon, emerging as a beautiful butterfly. Brendan feels very strongly about the symbolic power of the metamorphosis, as well he should. (We'd like to point out that he's not a hippie.)

At first, we had the idea of using a phoenix, but we realized that it would never eat a candy bar, because the candy bar would melt. But, we're going to keep the phoenix as our secondary mascot, because it kicks ass. According to Brendan, instead of eating sugar, the Annhilaetrix (the phoenix) performs electrolysis on water, releasing waste oxygen, and freeing up hydrogen atoms. It then exerts immense pressure on the captured hydrogen, causing fusion to occur, which produces incredible quantities of power. It ultimately uses the power to devour cattle, steal Hampshire Sheep, and burn cities to a cinder. It also has a plasma beam fueled by the waste oxygen. (We realize that it wouldn't be very neighborly if Annhilaetrix burned down all the other mods, so he'll stay in the laundry room.)

We also have Josh and Benni

*continued on the next page*

# As if men could talk to girls

by Tyler Carey

The Deadline. It hangs over my head like a mushroom cloud, yet again. I'm losing faith in what to write about testosterone at Hampshire. Signs of our declining masculinity:

- Sat. Dec. 5 at UMASS: A national football championship game. How many Hampshire Students attended to participate in the beer-chugging-butt-slapping-touch-down-roaring goodness? None (save the author who anticipated sunshine and froze his tits off).

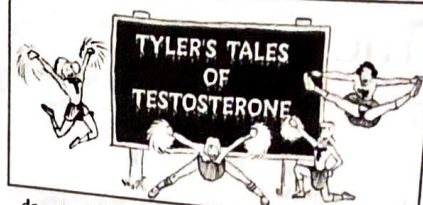
- Fri. Dec. 4 and Sat. Dec. 5 at Smith: Winter Weekend, a hormonal pow-wow of all the kids in the valley not getting laid. How many Hampshire Students? Barely any. Opportunity knocks infrequently, mind you.

- All Semester Long: Parties at Mount Holyoke—Why was I one of the meager handful of lone perverts who attended these? Where the hell are all the other guys on campus who have only been touched by Rosy Palm and Her Five Sisters all semester long? You get my point. Us Guys are waffling. (Yeah, ladies, you can keep reading, guy-talk can be enlightening, even if you think it's ridiculous...) We're losing our oomph. The only sport I've seen on the quads since those ill-fated whiffle-ball games has been pick-up games of frisbee that more resemble acrobatics and gymnastics than physical exertion for the sake of the subconscious stroking of our masculine member.

I'm not judging you solely by our participation in athletics, mind you. Look at us! We're a bunch of pantywaists! Doomed, either to have a continually solitary existence or to be locked into pussy-whipped marriages in which we are terrified to watch pro-football on Monday nights because that's when Ally McBeal is on. Now

*continued from the previous page*  
hard at work on mixing our theme song, and the rest of us are designing our ultra-cool, ultra-secret handshake. But more on that cutting-edge stuff another time.

Now, being as this article is printed in the *Omen*, you're probably assuming that it's all a bunch of bullshit.



do not misunderstand me; I do not want us to turn into weeping-Iron-John-drum-banging-testosterone-revitalizing-ritual-adhering-while-screaming-"I Lost my Love at the Rock! At the Rock! At the Rock!"-neanderthal-wannabe-wusses. It's just that initiative needs to be taken. Just as women are redefining their roles within society (and Hampshire), we also need to carry out our own roles. NO, this does not mean "Wassup! Nice Ass!" Jock social tactics. I mean, speak up for ourselves! Don't be bullied—by ANYONE—female or male. **Don't be closet football fans, or secret lovers of Budweiser canned beer**—if you like these things come clean. And most of all—don't whine about not getting laid while being afraid to talk to a woman. What's the worst that can happen if you ask a girl out? She says "no"? The rumors are false that all the women on campus call The Women's Center for armed backup the second a guy says, "Hey, you wanna see a movie or somethin' Friday night?" False. The women out there on campus are real women: worth caring about, worth losing sleep over, worth loving, and worth taking the good with the bad.

That's why, in the honor of masculinity, I call for a "Hampshire College Men's Date-In." By the end of the semester (what only a week or two?) I want every straight or bisexual guy on campus to ask a woman out for coffee, a movie, a concert, anything. Not in the interests of "getting laid", mind you. It might surprise you that the women on campus are more worth getting to know than the weirdos who hang out in those AOL cybersex chat rooms. Once the weather warms (yet again), we're going for a "Football-In."

Nevertheless, it's not. We actually intend to make our sugar-mod come alive. Warn you, it won't be a vegan, substance free, tree-hugging mod, though it will be partially non-smoking (since we'll allow smoking in individual rooms).

Current members include Julia Benedict, Brendan Colloran, Wilder Konschak, Benni Pierce, and Josh Snyder. The

Sugar Mod will be taking interviews for the remaining four positions, as soon as we have the authority to do so. If you're interested, contact us by e-mail, or in person.

So, down with Olestra! Down with Saccharine! Down with NutraSweet! Long live sugar: the sweetness and the power!

# The horoscopes, b' down downmm

by Jacob Chabot, Travis Dale, and Mark Hugo

Just because the *Forward* thinks it can do Horoscopes next semester, we decided to bring our incredible psychic abilities out of retirement. We decided to discontinue the *Omen* horoscopes this semester, as they we're taking up an enormous amount of psychic energy that we thought was better invested in other pursuits, like sleeping. However, the possible existence of astrological competition from the *Forward* has prompted us to relive the golden days of the *Omen* horoscopes. This time, we consulted the stars and everything came up with disturbing parallels to *Seinfeld*. Is this because *Seinfeld* is like real life? No, it is not. All of the *Seinfeld* abstracts are courtesy of Ben's *Seinfeld* Page.

## Sagittarius (Nov.22-Dec.21)- "The Phone Message"

George blows an invitation upstairs with his latest girlfriend and then when he tries to make restitution he leaves progressively nastier messages on her answering machine. He gets the chance to prevent her from hearing her messages by having Jerry switch the tape out of her machine, while he distracts her.

You are rather like George. Nobody likes you and you are always screwing up. Later this month, when a girl "asks you up for coffee," you will blow the opportunity. Unfortunately, you don't have a friend like Jerry to help you switch the answering machine tape. Instead, you end up being arrested for "public naughtiness."

## Capricorn (Dec.22-Jan.19)- "The Parking Garage"

Everyone separates to try to find the car in a huge parking garage. Jerry needs the use of a bathroom so he finds a place to go and gets busted. Kramer is wear-

ing "the jacket," and forgets where he put down the air conditioner he was carrying and causes George to be real late for his parent's 47th anniversary.

Your parents won't have a 47th anniversary for you to be late for. Your parents are divorced or are in the process of getting a divorce. This is because they hate you for ruining the bliss that was their marriage. Even though they will tell you it's not your fault, don't listen to them. That's what the psychologists told them to say. This sort of thing will scar you for life, as well it should. Peeing in public is not the answer!

## Aquarius (Jan.20-Feb.18)- "The Bubble Boy"

Jerry's girlfriend, Naomi has a laugh that sounds like "Elmer Fudd sitting on a juicer," and when she hears George's message to Jerry, she breaks up with him. So instead, Jerry asks Elaine to accompany him on a trip to a cabin in the mountain with George and Susan. Kramer isn't invited. Jerry agrees to a side trip to visit a sick fan, a "Bubble Boy." George gets into a fight with the "Bubble Boy" over the correct answer to a Trivial Pursuit question.

The moral of this story is that the only way you'll ever get celebrities to talk to you is if you are stuck in a bubble or if you try to kill yourself. Try both this month, Aquarius. If this doesn't work, then you will have to play Trivial Pursuit with your mom. Your mom will win, because she knows that the correct answer is Moops. You will snap and break her like a twig. Remember the movie *Deliverance*? That's what's waiting for you in prison, bubble boy. That and making vanity license plates that say things like "ASSMAN" and "NOFATCHIX."

## Pisces (Feb.19-March 29)- "The Contest"

George's mother throws her back out when she falls down after catching him doing "you know." When George says he'll never do it again, Jerry challenges him to a contest of self-denial, when he accepts, Elaine and Kramer want in on the action, or rather the lack of it.

Don't even try this Pisces. If you don't play with it, it'll fall off. In fact, you're the best lay you'll ever have. It is a well known fact that Pisces are cold fish in bed. You suck at sex and will never get any from anyone but yourself and occasionally a kind-hearted prostitute. Don't count on that prostitute thing though. You ever see *Pretty Woman*? This is not the kind of prostitute we're talking about. We're talking about leathery old women named Big Bertha who are so loose that you can use inappropriate parts of her body as blankets. But don't count on that either.

## Aries (March 21-April 19)- "The Junior Mint"

Jerry has a date with a woman whose name he has forgotten, but it "rhymes with a female body part." Could it be "Mulva"? Elaine visits an old boyfriend who's in the hospital for an operation. Kramer gets an opportunity to witness the operation and he drags Jerry along, while watching they have an accident with a "Junior Mint."

Aries, your personality rhymes with a male body part. Could it be "dickhead"? Yes, it could. Wait, you can't rhyme a word with itself. That is all. Just thought you should know. Dickhead.

## Taurus (April 20-May 10)- "The Pilot"

Jerry and George get the green light to produce Jerry, the pilot for the series

based on their "nothing" lives. George is obsessed with a white spot on his lip and a box of raisins is taken by the actor playing Kramer. The real Kramer has to go to the bathroom real bad. On the way, he gets mugged and is caused to "miss his chance."

You have a "nothing" life which will not be made into a TV show. This is because your life, in addition to being about nothing, is also boring as hell. If it were indeed a TV show, people would cry their eyes out if not because of pity then due to the sheer boredom of it all. Their eyes would literally fall out. Sure, a film student might be able to make your life into a show. It will be very post-structuralist. This is not a good thing. Post-Structuralism mostly involves being in black and white and meaningless shots of people running up and down the stairs. People don't like to watch these things. People like to watch porn.

## Gemini (May 21-June 20)- "The Outing"

No thanks to Elaine, Jerry must work hard to prove he is straight when a college reporter mistakenly reports that he and George are gay, "not that there is anything wrong with that." Things really get out of hand when the article is picked up by the *New York Post*.

We are like the *New York Post* in that we think that you are gay. However, we are right. You are sooo gay! We've been trying to tell you this for a year now! Yet you, against our advice, continue to attempt sexual relations with the opposite gender. When will you learn! The crummy sex you are having is not the result of being "not in the mood!" Stop taking those stiffy pills and do us all a favor. Gemini = Gay.

## Cancer (June 21-July 22)- "The Sniffing Accountant"

George's father gets him an interview as a bra salesman. Evidence points to Jerry's accountant being a drug user. So

Jerry, Kramer and Newman set out to find out the truth. Elaine's new boyfriend is perfect except for his overuse of exclamation points.

Cancer, it is all too easy to crack jokes about you having cancer or crabs or that your significant other has a nasty rash "down there." This issue we will refrain from doing so. We will also refrain from telling you anything because we like to keep you on edge. As to what this has to do with the *Seinfeld* episode, "The Sniffing Accountant," that is your job to find out. Think about it. Think about it.

## Leo (July 23-Aug.22)- "The Cigar Store Indian"

Jerry helps George out with a coffee table stain and makes Elaine take the subway home. He gives her Mr. Costanza's TV Guide to read. While on the train Elaine meets a strange man obsessed with television. George gets grounded when his parents return from vacation and find an unused prophylactic in their bed and a missing TV Guide. Kramer has an idea for a coffee table book on coffee tables that Elaine doesn't like but Mr. Lippman does.

Why does everybody on *Seinfeld* always get noticed? I'm always offending people and leaving unused prophylactics around and nobody ever notices me. What!? You want your horoscope!? Oh, boo hoo...you're so selfish! What about me? WHAT ABOUT MY NEEDS?!!!! I need some space in this relationship! I hate the way you always criticize me in front of your friends! That's it, we're through! Give me back my TV guide with Al Roker! You insensitive boor! What did I ever see in you anyway?

## Virgo (Aug.23-Sept.22)- "The Stand In"

Kramer talks his stand-in friend, a "little person," into getting lifts to keep his job. George and his latest

girlfriend have nothing to say to each other, he wants to break up, but won't when he finds out she is being urged to break it off. One of Jerry's friends "takes it out" while on his first date with Elaine.

We were on a roll doing these horoscopes, Virgo. That is, until we got to you. There's something about you that just keeps those psychic energies from flowing. Little guy down there... Problems with STDs... Yadda yadda yadda...

## Libra (Sept.23-Oct.22)- "The Hot Tub"

George picks up a bad habit from some visiting baseball officials. During the time of the *New York City Marathon*, Elaine has an out of country runner as her house guest. The runner had overslept and missed the big race at the last Olympics and Jerry obsesses with ensuring that it doesn't happen again. Kramer gets a hot tub from his friend Lomez and Elaine has writer's block.

It's funny because it's true, Libra. It always is.

## Scorpio (Oct.23-Nov.21)- "The Butter Shave"

Kramer finds butter is a better protection for his skin after shaving. Kramer's skin feels so good with butter, he takes to spreading it all over his body. Unfortunately he lays out in the sun where he begins to cook. Newman, reading the cannibalism themed story *Alive!*, finds the smell of a cooked Kramer appealing. Kramer tries to keep his skin moist but the baked in smell of cooked meat is too much for Newman.

Scorpio, you too will be having cravings for the forbidden meat. No! Not in that Gemini sort of way. The appeals of cannibalism are too much for you to handle this month. Remember, always keep handy a stick of butter.

## Honor students do it harder, faster, and need less sleep in between

by Jennifer Peña

**M**-I-T spells NERDS. My friend Jason goes to school there, and I got to spend an entire five days for Thanksgiving with him, so trust me, I speak from experience. Whoa doggie! Let me tell you Hampshire, I LOVE nerds. I love nerds because they're too busy being smart to be fake assholes. I love them because they actually KNOW REAL STUFF and THINK about it. I love them because they don't pretend to be something that they aren't. And because nerds flock to math and science like flies to cow shit, imagine the turnout! If Heaven hath a name, be it MIT.

Jason lives in a frat house. (Yes, nerds can play drinking games too, and they all involve physics.) I took the opportunity to utilize the fraternity as my own personal meat market. For five whole days I was surrounded by all the nerdy goodness I could possibly wish for. Skinny lads with no facial hair and allergy problems! Chem books on every table and shelf! All-nighters! Monty Python jokes! Stress! I was so happy I almost cried.

"There's a kid here we call Timmy," Jason said, "sometimes he zones out for days, contemplating the ways a plane can intersect a cube. If you catch Timmy staring at something really hard, stay back, or beware the wrath. Beware the wrath of Timmy." Yeah, I had already seen Timmy... and he was hot. But how might I woo a nerd

of my very own? I suck at math, and I'm pretty nauseating in every way. But I do know lots about cartoons. I was in gifted, and I've been to two *Star Trek* conventions, so I wasn't out of the game just yet. (OK three *Star Trek* conventions, but I didn't dress up or anything.)

I felt like I was Big Bertha from the State Pen, picking out her next bitch. "Which one'a you fellers wants some goood lovin'?" I yelled at the top of my lungs. Hardly anyone looked up from their calculators. **"I want some geeklust, and I want it now!"** I yelled. Again, no response. "I'm going to watch 'Army of Darkness', who's with me?"

"I'll bring the popcorn!" said Matt, a very enticing biochem major. M m m m m m m m a t t . Nnnnnnnnnnerd. Matt was a transfer from John Hopkin's University. He left because "it didn't move fast enough." He looked exactly like the kid from *Dead Poet's Society* who had a crush on the blonde bombshell. You know, the girl who already had a football-playing boyfriend with a chip on his shoulder. I was in love.

Noting the "Honor Students Do It Harder, Faster, And Need Less Sleep In Between" t-shirt covering his bulging biceps, I figured this nerd was hardcore. I needed to break the ice. Risking it all, I commented, "Doesn't it make you mad that the stupid *Power Rangers* take all the credit for a spaceship that Voltron created ten years ago? I mean, Come on!"

"Yeah no JOKE! And Skeletor from *He-Man*? They took right from *Thunder Cats*! Do you hear about the *Thunder Cats* anymore??? I think not. I am STILL incensed."

Bingo! "Yeah, that pissed me

off too," I said. If he was pissed, I was pissed. "And why did they call it *Inspector Gadget* when Brain and Penny did all the work? Penny had a laptop before laptops were even invented, and she was ten years old! Now she had it going on. *Gadget* is SUCH a pawn."

"I love that show! It's kind of like *MacGyver*, but... funnier, and in cartoon format." Hook, line and sinker. We took a walk down Mass. Ave. around two a.m., still buzzed by the titillating conversation of *Star Trek*, and Chaos Theory. When I was cold, he offered his jacket. When we crossed streets, he offered his hand. (Another thing I love about nerds: THEY ARE POLITE.) The next few days were filled with hacking, and calculated pranks among other things, and I must say, I had never been happier. It's times like these that the Geriatrics Society calls "the good of" days." I know in my toothless twilight years I'll remember Matt fondly.

Alas, I couldn't bring Matt home with me, and I can't go to Boston every weekend, so I am completely nerd-deprived until I do go back. I'd like to take this opportunity to offer an instant admirer to any nerd who wants one. Stephen Hawking fans, pry your eyes away from your computer screens, and come see me. Can't understand your physics problem set? Well, neither can I, but if it helps, I could I mock your homework until you don't care anymore. We could swap Mensa stories, or talk about Schrodinger's Cat, or black holes. And I've always liked Monty Python. I just bought a kick-ass Chess board, and I need to break it in. I'll even make you tea, if you want. Nerds, come and get your love.



## Aemily went to the woods

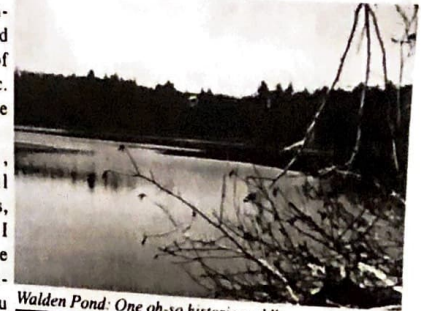
by Aemily dara Reshen

**I**'ve been going on a lot of road trips lately. Maybe because I like driving in my car, maybe because I like seeing new things, but probably just so I can get the fuck out of my mod because if I don't spend quality time away from it, I WILL go on a rampage and slaughter every living thing that comes my way. Yeah, you heard me, I said kill and that means you too. I've thought a lot about it. **Just think of all the things you can do with a pair of rusty pliers, a hot glue gun, some duct tape, and a walkman that only plays The New Kids on The Block Christmas Special** (I don't know if this exists, but based on all that is WRONG in our society these days, let's assume it does.) And by the way, if you are sitting there thinking that this sounds like fun,

please run to the nearest busy intersection and jump in front of oncoming traffic. You are a waste of a human life.

Now, where the hell was I? Oh yes, road trips. I drove to Maine the other weekend. And you

too, can plan your own fun-filled weekend to the land of nowhere. You can make it there in less than three hours, provided you go the appropriate speed (you must average anywhere from 80-85mph) in the right direction and, of course, three rest stops are included—hey what can I say, chicks like to pee. Once you get there, you can do absolutely nothing. But a relaxing absolutely nothing. The ocean was fifteen or so minutes away from where I was staying. I went and saw it. It was oh-so-thrilling. Then I listened to lots of New Order and Smiths. Then

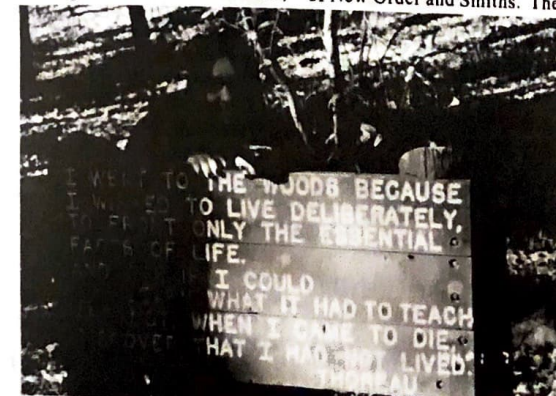


Walden Pond: One oh-so historic puddle

I peed some more.

The highlight of this excursion was when I took a detour on the way back to Hampshire and stopped at Walden Pond. There is a little historical site where Thoreau's cabin was, if you can manage the ten minute walk, you lazy bastards. If you don't know what Walden Pond is or who Thoreau is, I am not going to tell you because you are a moron and shouldn't even be in college. Oh, and there are bathrooms in case you have to pee.

If you can't take a road trip, you can instead sit at home and send your friends (that is, if you have any, if not, well...my condolences) cyber postcards. I recommend <http://www.kinkycards.com>, especially if you need to send a card for the upcoming holidays. Which brings us back to killing people (dammit, don't question my logic, you piece of schmegma). My birthday isn't for a while, but I'm planing on shoving one of my friends out of the way at her birthday party next week and stealing her wish as I blow out the candles. What is this wish? That in the future people who go to "liberal" schools actually ARE liberal.



Aemily loses her pants

## pissed

You'll all be sorry (5)  
When I get my Neutron Bomb (7)  
Where's my fucking booze? (5)

-Wade Stuckwisch



by the wise and woolly Dr. Jason Wilder

Since I don't live in a sugar-mod yet, I was talking to one of my hall-mates the other day. Let's call her Bippo.

Bippo was saying, "I was talking to Oogie, and Oogie thinks the world's gonna end on New Year 2000, from the millennium bug. All the nuclear missiles are plugged into retarded computers, and they're gonna have a seizure and launch when the calendar flips the double zero... You don't think that, do you, Dr. Wilder?"

"Not exactly."

True, the world *will* end next New Year. True, the place to avoid when the big ball drops is Times Square. But it's not because of the government or the Disney Corporation. Oh no - they can't promote or delay the destruction one iota. When it all comes down, **The Man will cause the end of the world, suckah - just like he's caused everything else all along.**

"But I thought *The Man* was Uncle Sam, or Mickey Mouse, or Ronald McDonald, or Bill Gates, or at least the master of mass-media, Howard Stern."

Howard Stern may be da-man, but he's not *The Man*. He's not the wily force that's been repressing progress, and hasslin' good people. To show who *The Man* is, I present an original Dr. Wilder parable.

One day, Thurgood Wadders came home with a new idea. "Muffy," he said in a tight-jawed, snob accent. "I was speak-

ing with the butler the other day, when I had a sort of epiphany. I realized: Damn The Man, Muffy. I say, Damn The Man!"

"But Thurgood, Darling," she said. "You *are* the man."

"Well then..." he replied. "Damn you."

"Yes, jolly good," said she. "And Thurgood dear, what would you like to have for suppah?"

"Muffy," Thurgood said to his wife of 50 years. "I do believe I'll have some of that exquisite lobster."

"But Thurgood, Darling," she said. "You *are* the lobster."

"Well then..." he replied. "Bite Me!"

This demonstrates two things. (1) Thurgood was, indeed, *The Man*. (2) Thurgood and his wife were crazy fools. They were so stupid, they couldn't tell the difference between people and lobsters - let alone shit, a hole in the ground, shinola, and their asses. But, this story leaves out one important fact, which I will give you free: (3) Thurgood and Muffy were flat broke, living in one of those huge Macy's bags they give out at Christmas time.

"What the hell are you talking about?!" Bippo asked.

"I'm telling you who *The Man* is, Bippo," I explained.

"What the Christ!? You ain't told me shit!"

"Look. I'll give you a simple test. It'll tell you if someone is *The Man* or not."

The test is this: walk up to a random stranger. Confront them, and scream, "You the man! Oh

## Who's The Man?

yeah, you the man! Who's the man!?" He or she is probably *The Man* if the response is something like: "I'm the man! I'm all that and a bag of Doritos!"

Don't say to them, "I like the Cool Ranch best." That would only encourage them. **Instead, say, "Damn The Man," very calmly, and then just walk away.**

Now, if you *still* don't know who *The Man* is, let me spell it out for you. (a) *The Man* is the force that's been keeping society down; and (b) *The Man* will bring about the end of the world; therefore (c) *The Man* is made up of all the stupid, uncreative, unstable drones that populate this sorry planet. *The Man* is the lowest common denominator, which represses us all, and keeps us in our place.

That girl with *Teen People*, *YM*, and *Cosmo* College magazine subscriptions? She's *The Man*. The old fart who doesn't know that the beverage he's about to enjoy is hot? He's *The Man*. The punks who wrap the swings up over the bar; the guy who takes a marker and writes "L" & "R" on his contact lenses; my ex-girlfriend who accidentally washed her cat in the washing machine; the dopes who think *TV Guide* uses unnecessarily big words; the French who are French; and anyone who thinks that *Pee Wee's Big Adventure* isn't funny - they are all *The Man*. Goddamn suckahs, one and all!

But how are crazy fools gonna end the world on New

*continued on next page*

## The Clampetts move south

by Jessica "Jessica VanScoy" Van Scoy

I think I was the last person to leave campus Wednesday afternoon. The dorms were actually quiet. And even Dr. Bob was in cheery holiday mood, as he actually acknowledged my existence for the first time since I've arrived.

My family and I had to endure a six hour drive to Pennsylvania to visit other family. Of course, with the holiday traffic, the drive was like 10 hours. My legs were scrunched - and my brother used up my Discman's batteries trying to learn the words to the song "Jumper" by Third Eye Blind. As if hearing it a first time weren't nauseating enough, try hearing it 348 times.

When we finally arrived, I was disgusted over how my family seemed to be the Clampetts compared to the other refined families that we were related to. It wasn't as if my Dad kept asking people to pull his finger or anything (it was me)...but we just seemed different. My uncle ignored us the whole time. As soon as he arrived, he left in his Beamer to go play golf. I didn't see him for the whole fucking weekend.

*continued from previous page*

Year's Day?

Well, they've been saying for a long time that it's gonna go down like that, so they'd feel real crunchy if it didn't. That means there's never been such an irresistible target for annihilation-crazed idiots and terrorists. If you're a real terrorist, it's all about Times Square, New Year, 2000! Invite the religious fanatics, the nihilists, the anti-technos, and the capitalist-haters. They'll attend the gala with party favors! Anthrax! Small pox! Smiley gas!

So! If you want to be as sane and well adjusted

Thanksgiving Day was full of the women in the kitchen, the kids playing Clue, and the men eating chips and watching the Stealers' game. I spent the whole time playing Nintendo 64, which Jessica ended up reigning. I am the MarioLand Goddess! Stories of the past eventually came up, too, of course...like about the time Jessica and her friend went to Canada instead of Massachusetts and had their car searched by customs (Don't even fucking ask)...or when she was two years old and got caught sipping her mom's beer behind the couch! And, oh, how about that time she thought Phoebe was pronounced "Fee-obe" (cheesy adult laughter insert). Meanwhile, Jessica is huddled in the corner in the fetal position...

Awkward conversations would also come up between Jessica and stupid, drunk adults. I had about a billion conversations, all that went like this:

Person #345: "So, how are your grades?"

Jessica: "Um, we don't have grades...just written evaluations."

Person #345: "Well, your diploma don't mean shit, now does it?"

Jessica: "I hope you die a terrible death."

The night did get better as they got drunker, though. I ended up telling them some of my drinking stories...or about how my friend made a bong out of a Barbecue Sauce bottle...and calls it his "Bong-B-Que." And they, including my parents, laughed. And they told me their stories, too. It was a bonding moment. My question, however, is how a couple of months could make so much difference? A little while ago, I didn't know what sex was... and now, I had a relative telling me that ever since his wife gave up meat, "Blow jobs just haven't been the same." It was weird. Disgusting and weird.

What was the most weird, though, was how much I (cringe) had grown up. I actually laughed at some of the things they said... at least understood them. And I got to eat at the adult table and everything. So, I guess my Thanksgiving wasn't that bad after all.

And I even got some money out of Pops. <Sigh> Ain't holidays grand?

## Bippo and Oogie

as me, Dr. Wilder, you'll just stay away from big celebrations like that. You'll join me on the summit of a secluded mountain, in pristine northern Maine. There, we'll oversee the eradication of humankind, eating Oatmeal Cream Pies, drinking Grape Juice, and watching *The Never Ending Story*.

Of course, that's only if I don't get a date. You know you have a question to ask Dr. Wilder too, so why not send it to [jkonschak@hampshire.edu](mailto:jkonschak@hampshire.edu)?

# Rick and SAURUS FEMME FATALES

CHAPTER SEVEN: ROBOTS-A-GO-GO



TO BE CONTINUED.